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But I have now to speak only of what I saw and heard on the Lord's day. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and while breathing an atmosphere so noticeably religious as that which one finds almost everywhere in Scotland, there was no need of a bell to summon me to the house of God; therefore, at the hour when services are commonly held, I set out to find a place of worship. I was informed that the East Church was the place where the families of quality did most congregate, and as I had been but a few days in Europe, and therefore felt rather aristocratic, I concluded to go in the same direction.

A walk of fifteen minutes, up a steep hill towards the Castle, brought me to the church. Before entering, however, I may as well give some facts about the church building—statements which can certainly be relied upon, for I found them in a guide-book which I purchased at a cost of sixpence, English money. The edifice itself is one of great antiquity—just how ancient no one knows. In some musty old records it is spoken of as having been dedicated to the "Holy Rood," or Cross. Some portion of it was destroyed by fire, as far back as A. D. 1407, and rebuilt shortly afterward. It was attached to a Franciscan monastery, and used as a chapel for the priests, until the Reformation in 1559, but since that time it has been a Protestant Church. On its tower are still seen the marks made by the cannon shot of Gen. Monk, Cromwell's lieutenant, who opened fire upon it from the neighboring Castle in those fine old times when churches were frequently converted into fortresses, and powder was burned to the tune of Old Hundred. Until A. D. 1656 it was used as one large church, but then, for some reason, was divided, and now one finds here the singular example of two well-appointed churches beneath one roof. They are known as the East and West Churches, and are as distinct from each other as though standing at opposite ends of the town.

They are both churches of the "Established" order—not of the Established Church of England, however, it is Episcopalian. When the crowns of England and Scotland were united, the people of the latter kingdom retained many of their peculiar habits, and, among the number, that form of church government which had become hallowed by time and usage. They are, therefore, staunch Presbyterians. The Queen is regarded as the earthly head of the Church, as she is of the Church of England, and, with only local differences in its application, the Church of Scotland is under the patronage of the government precisely as is that of her sister kingdom. The preachers are appointed to their pulpits by the government, and all expenses are paid by the same authority. The money for it is raised by a system of taxation levied on the property holders of that particular burgh in which any church is located.

It is just here that the system appears unjust, and clashes with our American ideas of freedom. The tax is levied upon all property-holders, no matter whether adherents of that church or not. There are in Scotland a large number of Free churches—that is, free from government control, and supported by the voluntary offerings of the people, as are ours in America—but the members of these must also pay for the support of the Established churches in their neighborhood exactly as if they belonged to them. If one chooses to ignore all churches, as many do, this does not free him from the burden, for, it is argued, with some show of justice, that the Church brings to every man certain advantages, whether he recognizes its agency or not, and that it is no more than fair that he should help pay for them.

A SABBATH IN AN OLD SCOTTISH TOWN.

BY REV. JOHN A. CASS.

It was my privilege to spend a Sabbath, not long ago, in the fine old town of Stirling—a place famous in the annals of Scotland, and one to which, I suppose, most travelers pay a brief visit.

It is a town well worth visiting, for, with its grand old Castle, the history of whose erection is lost in obscurity, but which is still rich in remembered associations with royalty, its museum of choice antiquities, its broad valley of almost unrivaled beauty and its adjacent battle-fields of world-wide fame, surely there is enough to interest a traveler for a number of days.

that this is one of the reforms sure to come in the near future.

However, I was in Edinburgh a short time after this, on the day when both the Established and Free churches opened their annual assemblies, and when I saw how all the patronage of the government was given to the former—the procession to old St. Giles being headed by the Queen's representative, and escorted by a regiment of mounted Highlanders—how all business was suspended that the people might make holiday, and then remembered that at that very hour, without parade or anything to attract the multitude, the Free Churchmen were met in deliberation almost unnoticed, I was led to fear that the hour of Disestablishment was more remote than its friends suppose.

But to return to the service in this particular church at Stirling. I entered a vestibule common for the attendants of both the East and West Churches, and at once noticed a placard on the wall which informed me that strangers must apply to the ushers if they desired seats. I applied, and to my surprise found the ushers were young women. I was prepared for some peculiarities, but not for this; I had never heard of such a thing even in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But, after all, I see no reason why young women should not make themselves useful in this way, and I don't quite understand how any man can object to it.

On entering the auditorium I was struck with the unusual number of men present. One is not accustomed to see it after this fashion in an American church. With us, more than two-thirds of the members of all Protestant churches are women, and the females greatly outnumber the males in all our gatherings for worship. The average American, after a week spent in the eternal struggle for money, is too much exhausted to go out to church on Sabbath morning. He is, therefore, under the disagreeable necessity of having his wife represent him in the sanctuary. This is as it should be, for women have nothing to do but play through the week and be religious on Sunday, and, inasmuch as the virtue of an act lies in the motive that prompts it, there is just as much piety in having one's wife go to church for him, as for one to go himself—and not half as much trouble to him. But these stupid Scotchmen can't see this, and still believe it is necessary for men to attend church! So here they are, in large numbers—young men, old men and men in middle life.

On second thought, too, I noticed a large number of children in that congregation. This was a very pleasant surprise. In most American churches children are conspicuous for their absence. They are content, and their parents seem equally well pleased, with their attendance, only at the Sunday-school. Dr. Vincent emphasizes the importance of taking children to church, and declares in ringing tones (how ringing!) that if they can attend but one service on the Sabbath, it should be the preaching service in preference to the Sunday-school; but most people appear to think this is only a way the good Doctor has of pleasing the "old fogies" in his audiences (he is such a cunning fellow!), and so go on inculcating the notion that if children attend Sunday-school, no more should be asked of them. I fear the end of all this is not yet. Some time the words of dear old Bishop Peck will be heeded—those warning words—"The Sunday-schools are training up a generation of non-church goers."

Would to God they might be heeded now! Do I not believe in the Sunday-school? Of course I do. It was never so mighty an agency for good as now, but then, it is not the only agency, nor the chief one, for, with all its excellences, it is but a thing of human invention, while the preaching of the Word is a matter of divine ordination. But oh, how good to turn from these reflections, and see so many children in our Stirling church this bright May morning! How radiant are their faces! With what a satisfied air they take their seats in the high-backed pews! How good it is to see them open Bibles and Psal-

ters, as though they thought some part of the service belonged to them; and what an unspeakable richness it gives to the chanting of the Psalms when so many bird-like voices join in the praise of God!

I was impressed, too, with the plainness of the apparel worn by all the people. Surely, they are among the most intelligent and well-to-do inhabitants of this proud old town, and yet there is none of that disposition to dress richly for the sake of show, that we have all heard of in America—not in Methodist churches, of course, but in those of less piety! I looked in vain for a silk garment in all that great company. Everybody was neatly, but none were showily, dressed, either among men or women or children.

The order of services was quite different from any that I had seen before. I have no means of knowing whether the same forms are observed in all Established churches, but, in this instance, the preacher read two chapters from the Bible, offered four prayers (one of which occupied twenty minutes by the watch), preached for thirty-eight minutes, and gave out four Psalms and three hymns for the congregation to sing. When he read the Scriptures, I think every person in the house opened a Bible and followed him; while the prayers were being offered the entire company stood; while he preached both old and young listened with apparent interest, and during the singing the whole congregation rose and joined in it, being led by a chorus choir of some thirty voices. I was told that the use of hymns was a recent innovation, and that only in an occasional church was it yet permitted. Even in Dr. Horatio Bonar's Free Church no hymns are sung, although the pastor has written hymns that are now used in hundreds of congregations, and must be supposed to know the possibilities of good in using them.

The sermon was based on the words, "Beginning at Jerusalem," and was preached in the interest of missionary work among the Jews. The main line of thought was that the Jewish nation had been a very important factor in the religious progress of the world, and that, on this account, we should cheerfully contribute of our means to assist in bringing them to the truth as it is in Jesus. I supposed a collection would be taken on the spot, and, like a good Methodist, began to think how much I ought to give, but was surprised when the preacher announced that the contributions would be received on the following Sunday. We in America are accustomed to have the collection follow the presentation of the cause without delay, thinking that in this way more will be realized; but here in Scotland they appear to act on a different principle, for the preacher added, in this instance, that the people would be expected to carefully consider the matter during the week, and come up at the appointed time prepared to state just how much they thought they could contribute.

And, after all, who shall say which of the two is the better way? With our American method of doing things, perhaps we catch a few persons who would not be present if they knew a missionary sermon was to be preached, and it may be, get more money for the time; but, on the other hand, the Scottish plan makes it more of a matter of principle to contribute, and insists that the people inform themselves concerning the cause presented, and so give with an intelligent conception both of its merits and its needs. In this case, indeed, the preacher concluded what he had to say on the subject by giving notice that he would be at the church at an early hour on the following Sunday morning, for the purpose of conversing with any who desired to know more definitely what the work of the mission had been.

The service then closed with a long benediction. Altogether it had occupied a little less than two hours; yet the audience did not appear to lose interest in the least. As for myself, I may say that I was too much interested to admit of being weary, and I left the church feeling that we in America may well learn somewhat from the religious customs of the Scotch.

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE PASTORS.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

A few days since, two volumes of the (English) *Methodist Magazine*, for the years 1803 and 1818, came in my way; and I have richly enjoyed a few moments' communion with some of the representative minds of Methodism of a former generation. The full title of the magazine is as follows: "The Methodist Magazine, for 1805. Being a Continuation of the Arminian Magazine, first published by Rev. John Wesley, A. M., London."

No editor's name is announced. Indeed, strictly speaking, but little editorial labor seems to have been demanded. These volumes contain no editorials. This fact is a somewhat remarkable one, since one would naturally suppose that the earnest men who had this enterprise in charge would have coveted the opportunity hereby presented of bearing their testimony betimes relative to certain "burning questions" and against certain crying evils of their day. Popular topics, however, are never discussed in this magazine, not even those of a religious or ecclesiastical nature. Nothing that could be called theological controversy appears on these pages. Occasionally a brief communication appears correcting some alleged error of exegesis or of logic in some previous article. In fact, aside from the memoirs and an occasional sermon, but very little strictly original matter appears in these columns. The several numbers are mostly filled out with selections, and these not by the editor, but contributed by the reader, and introduced almost invariably by some such formula as this: "Presuming that your many readers will be as much interested in, and profited by, the perusal of the following narrative as I have been, it has occurred to me to forward the same to you, Mr. Editor, for publication in your widely circulated and very valuable miscellany."

There is no literary or book review department in these volumes. In but a single instance is a new volume criticised, and then by a correspondent. The different departments are, "Divinity," or sermon; "The Word of God Illustrated," or exegesis; "The Works of God Displayed," or natural science; "The Providence of God Asserted," embracing narratives of the church's former persecutions, or accounts of marvelous escapes from death, or deliverances from impending danger; and finally quite a full department of religious and missionary intelligence.

I was much impressed by a ringing "testimony" contained in the communication of Rev. Mr. Black, "superintendent missionary in Nova Scotia." It is dated "Halifax, Sept. 17, 1804." After giving a somewhat detailed account of the state of affairs on his district, pointing out the various and sore trials, difficulties and disappointments incident to missionary progress in that new and remote field, he concludes with the following triumphant religious testimony: "My desire and endeavor is to live to God and to Him alone; to love and to serve Him with my whole heart. My greatest grief in life is that I am not more devoted to His service, more happy in His love. Yet He is my joy and my song. My soul delights in Him as her portion. My righteousness, my strength and my comfort I fetch from Him. Jesus Christ is the most delightful theme of my heart and of my tongue. In Him centre all my hopes. I believe that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin."

SAMUEL BRADBURN, PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. GEO. JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

A short account of this remarkable orator and preacher appeared in *ZION'S HERALD* of May 9, which was full of interest, but was so far from being an equitable representation of his character and work, that I think your readers will be glad of a few more items respecting him. I have for some time been collecting material for a set of brief biographies of all the presidents of the Wesleyan Confer-

ence, to form probably two volumes, if my life is spared to complete the work. Out of nearly seventy men who have been presidents, I have written sketches of nearly fifty, and the more I advance, the more I am surprised that no one has undertaken the work before me, for it is a most interesting and instructive, though somewhat difficult, matter to investigate, as so little has been recorded of some of the men.

Samuel Bradburn was the son of a soldier, born Oct. 5, 1751, when his regiment was on the Rock of Gibraltar. Education was but little thought of in those days, especially in the army, where so few could either read or write. His mother did send him to an infant school for a few weeks, at the cost of three halfpence per week, but not seeing the advantage of such an outlay in their limited income, his school life was ended prematurely and finally. Sammy was one of thirteen children. His father became acquainted with some Methodist soldiers when in Germany, and though he did not join the society, he ever after led a more serious life, and about 1764 left the army and settled in the old city of Chester, where Sammy, as he was called, was apprenticed to a cobbler, and removed from home influence, became, as he said, "a slave to sin and the devil." One evening in the close of 1769, at the age of eighteen, he was examining some decayed flowers in a garden close to his abode, when the Spirit of God arrested him, opened his eyes to a sense of his lost condition, and he hastened to the little Methodist chapel, hoping to find relief to his mind. He fasted, prayed, and roamed about the fields till the wind and rain caused the skin to peel off his face. He kept his feet in a ditch of water till the cold chilled him through, hoping to quench the fire burning in his soul. He read books of a religious character, and studied hard to improve his mind. All these remedies failed, so at last he came to Jesus and said in his anguish of soul, "Lord Jesus Christ, if there be yet mercy for me, reveal Thy love in my poor tormented heart." This ended his mental anguish; light broke in upon him; he found peace with God and joined the Methodist society. Here he found rock, but not stability, for one who had been so erratic and so sanguine and impetuous, had to sober down considerably. He began to preach; some prompted him, others discouraged him. Unable to satisfy his own mind as to his call to the ministry, in 1773 he visited Madeley to consult Rev. John Fletcher, whose advice was, "Go forward in the name of the Lord; be humble and diligent, and if you should live to preach the Gospel forty years, and be the instrument of saving only one soul, it will be worth all your labor."

He became a Methodist itinerant in 1774, and at once commanded the respect and attention of both John and Charles Wesley, and of the Methodist people. He began to keep a journal, in which he describes his severe conflicts with strong natural passions, adverse fortune, poverty, and touches of insanity. He always used his closet and prayer till he had conquered self, and went from his knees to the pulpit conscious of the only source of his strength and success. Dr. Bunting, who knew him well, says of him: "He had a pleasant and commanding person, an easy carriage, a voice exquisitely musical, a clear and comprehensive intellect, a ready and retentive memory, a quick invention, while his style was pure and elegant, warm and very affectionate. He had also the sympathies and powers of a great natural orator. He supplied the deficiencies of his early education, and covered the rest with the mantle of his genius." Dr. Bunting further adds: "His career was brilliant and useful, and perhaps more men longed, but durst not try, to preach like him, than any other preacher of his time."

Dr. Bunting was not easily persuaded to write eulogy. He did not love Bradburn; on the contrary, they rowed in totally different boats, and one year when Bradburn was put down for Sheffield with young Bunting under him, the young man refused to go under one so eccentric and impulsive, and Bradburn was sent elsewhere.

Bradburn had a friend in John Wesley, of which many evidences exist. In Stevenson's "History of City Road Chapel," p. 107, we read: "Mr. Bradburn, who traveled much with Mr. Wesley, and knew him well, records that from the Conference of 1780 to that of 1781, Mr. Wesley gave away in private charity above £1,400, and he adds: 'Mr. Wesley told me himself, in 1787, that he never gave away out of his own pocket less than £1,000 a year. He never relieved poor people in the streets; but he either removed or took off his hat to them when they thanked him.' When, in 1788, John Wesley left London for his long northern journey, he left injunctions with Mr. Bradburn to see that his brother Charles, then near death, had every attention, and Mr. Bradburn had the honored privilege to sit up with the poet of Methodism till he died, and to report his death on behalf of the family to John Wesley. There was a mis-direction of the letter, so that John was unable to attend the funeral of Charles, but there was a providence in that which prevented unpleasantness, as John wished his brother buried at City Road, but his family had him buried in the parish churchyard where he had died. The City Road Chapel trustees rewarded Mr. Bradburn's services by giving him \$50 to pay his expenses to the next Conference. Mr. Bradburn returned to London for another year, living in Mr. Wesley's house. In the December following, Mr. Wesley being at home, makes this record: 'Sunday, Dec. 9, I went down at 5.30 this morning, but found no preacher in the chapel, though there were four in the house, so I preached myself. On asking why none of my family attended the early preaching, was answered, they sat up late. Therefore ordered that every one under my roof should go to bed at nine, that every one might attend morning preaching.'

If Bradburn did not find a friend in Bunting, he had a real and staunch friend in Adam Clarke and others of eminence in Methodism. I was one day spending a few hours with an old preacher who knew both Clarke and Bradburn, and he told me Clarke generally addressed Bradburn as "My Prince;" for he was often styled the "prince of preachers," and he has since been designated the English Demosthenes. Clarke one day opened Bradburn's house door and called out upstairs he was off for the evening preaching in the country; Bradburn replied he was making his new shoes, ready for next Conference—a practice he kept up all his life. Bradburn and Clarke were great friends of the old, worn-out preachers. One night, after both had returned from a country preaching, they were enjoying a hot potato supper together, with a small candle burning on the table. Considering what was best to be done for the worn-out veterans, some of whom were nearly starving, Clarke called attention to the burning candle on the table as an emblem of the matters they were considering, and asked Bradburn what the candle would say if it could speak. Sammy was perplexed, so Clarke replied, "In serving others I am myself consumed." Pleased with the figure, they resolved to issue an appeal for a fund on behalf of old preachers with an engraving of a burning candle in front, and the Latin motto underneath, "Auditor Servicus Consumor." The leaf of A. Clarke's pocket-book then open before him, and on which the above motto was then entered, is now in my library. In 1799, when Bradburn was president, he used his official position to make a more public and connectional appeal (See "History of City Road Chapel," p. 162).

Mr. Bradburn took an active part at the Conference from which Alexander Kilham was expelled. At the Conference following (1796), Bradburn had to preach in City Road Chapel, Sunday evening before the opening, from Isaiah 13: 6, of which service Rev. Joseph Entwistle said: "He proved that we have indeed God with us." He met the society after the sermon. At that Conference (1796) Bradburn presented a series of rules of conduct to be observed at Conference, which were accepted and printed at the end of the Minutes. They

(Continued on page 8.)

Miscellaneous.

THE CHRISTIAN VERSUS THE POSITIVE IDEAL.

BY REV. W. S. JONES.

[Continued.]

Mr. Harrison is called to give all the service of his life and the love of his heart to the production of a social life, evanescent, though beautiful, a mere passing vision terminating in death and unsubstantial as its shadow, in which no gradations of moral influence are accepted, no differences of moral character are allowed, since all pass over to the same state and are lost in the vortex of death, except as a future life may mean "the subjective effect of each man's objective life on the actual lives of his fellow-men." What else can these words mean? "There is no superstitious line that serves the past from the present, the living from the dead, or the most revered servant of humanity from the street-sweeper who is serving it to-day. They have not passed into another world, nor have they any other life but ours." And again: "We are all making history day by day, and the leaders of men whom we see no more, and those who are amongst us, and are growing into power, are all on one plane, as much and as little saints as the rest, as much the makers of humanity." Is there, then, no difference of moral character, of intellectual capacity, of individual development in life? In other spheres of existence influence depends upon size, form, color, fragrance, force, responsibility, diversibility and many other elements, each differing in power according to its measure and quality. The line of argument which assumes the equilibrium of formative power emanating from each person in the making of humanity, is the same as if it were stated that different quantities and qualities of wheat ground and made into bread would equally help to the building up of the human body. In social economy, and in the demands for domestic labor and frugality, this, if true, would be a comfortable offset to small wages and impaired health. Then five loaves would do for five thousand as well as for five, and the wheat of inferior quality would be as nutritious as the best. Indeed! inferiority would only be a mental hallucination contradicted by fact. All wheat would be the same, and the smallest quantity would be as much the maker of muscle, bone, blood, and sinew as the largest. Absurd! so say we. But not more absurd than the statement which says, "The leaders of men whom we see no more, and those who are amongst us and growing into power, are all on one plane, as much and as little saints as the rest, as much the makers of humanity."

The names placed in juxtaposition by Mr. Harrison, it seems to us, are poorly selected as proofs of his statement. "Yesterday it was Gambetta—to-morrow it may be Gladstone—whose personality absorbs us and forces us to judge." Was there, then, no difference between these when both were living? Were they equally makers of humanity, and each as little a saint as the other? If so, it seems to us moral distinctions must cease, and moral influences go for nothing, and moral character be regarded only as a phantom. I must confess in my own humanity I find an almost immeasurable distance and difference in the influence exerted upon it by these two men. In the first I see a man rising from a condition of comparative obscurity to the topmost pinnacle of power, having for his goal the liberation of his country from the grasp of the tyrant and the heel of the oppressor; finding in his own brain endless resources and expedients for her defense and disenthralment; in his own heart a sympathy that no ingratitude or misrepresentation could quell, much less destroy; and in his patriotism a fire whose flame and brilliance kindled into universal activity the smouldering embers of a patriotism dying upon the altars of his countrymen's hearts. But I also see in this same man a sad commingling of practices the most vicious, of theories the most incongruous and impracticable, of a spirit at war not only with the intolerance, worldliness and selfishness of the church, but antagonistic to the sanctions of divine law and the demands for divine worship. But these things induce the belief that Mr. Harrison is right when he says: "There are many things in his public career, especially in his later years, which we wholly fail to reconcile not only with the best type of statesmanship, but with any reasonable version of his own principles. As to his private life, there are, perhaps, many things gross and unworthy." And that "a statesman should openly repudiate theology in any shape," and choose to govern his country on "purely human sanc-

tions," vitiate and weakens the government because it educates the people not only to throw off all fear and restraint from a higher power, but indoctrinates them with that most questionable and dangerous of all political ideas, that their will is at once the source, and standard, and arbiter of all governmental authority. *Vox populi* is not only *vox Dei*, but the people is God, and therefore can do no wrong. The last words of Gambetta show how sad the mistake he had made, and are the most instructive comment upon the folly of having no God. He had his idol; he worshiped France; but as with the worshippers of Baal in olden time, in the hour of his deepest need there was no voice, nor any that answered. The last words that greet us from this couch of death are: "*Je suis perdu, il est inutile de dissimuler; mais j'ai tant souffert, que ce sera une délivrance.*"

In Mr. Gladstone I see a very different type of man. He is of the people, with the people, and for the people. He is a patriot, but not so much a patriot as a philanthropist. The question with him is not so much England, as Englishmen and all men. His efforts have ever been on the side of the greatest liberty and happiness for the greatest number. To secure this he has not stooped to measures of questionable morality, nor thought it necessary to banish God and ignore religion. In his private life, so far as that is known, the fear of God is before his eyes; and in his public career there has ever been a recognition of the superintending wisdom and love of God, and the exercise of that power, which, in the words of Pope, —

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
And in his own eloquent and beautiful words: "Together with the power, we shall find the goodness and the wisdom of which that sublime power is but a minister. Nor can that wisdom, that goodness anywhere shine forth with purer splendor than when the divine forethought, working from afar, in many places and through many generations, so adjusts beforehand the acts and the affairs of men as to let them all converge upon a single point—upon that redemption of the world by God made man, in which all the rays of His glory are concentrated, and from which they pour forth a flood of healing light, even over the darkest and saddest places of creation." If there is nothing more saintly in the character of Mr. Gladstone than in that of Gambetta, there certainly is something more saintly in his utterances and belief; and unless his life contradicts both, there is a much nearer approach to saintliness of character, and, hence, a wide disparity in the influence they exert on the "making of humanity."

Humanity, we confess, is the inclusive term, and demands our attention rather than any division marked out by legislative, geographic or linguistic lines, or by any of the conventional distinctions legalized by society. It would be invidious and wrong in Christianity, as in any form of national government, to exist only for the well-being of the few to the exclusion of the many; or to leave unprovided for any of the necessities of the individual man, meeting the demands of which would make him a better citizen and subject, or prepare him to discharge more intelligently the duties he owes to the State and the race, as well as to himself and his God. The indictment of Mr. Harrison, that "Christianity looks at all things in the light of the personal soul to the exclusion of the social life," is based on an incomplete or distorted view of Christianity. While appealing to the individual consciousness and gaining the aid of the individual conscience, it does not lose sight of one of the many relationships of the life of each person coming within the rays of its light or the moving of its power. It, however, does teach, as of primary importance, man's relationship to God and His government, and insists with overpowering force of argument upon the necessity of homage, love and obedience to the Almighty as the first of Christian duties, but at the same time as the highest of Christian privileges. Akin to this is the love of our neighbor. And this embodies and includes in itself all the possible relationships of life. It is doing unto others as we would they should do unto us.

Whether Christianity in its "decay" has constantly responded in the spirit of this command or not, there can be no doubt of the command itself. That it has in the past evinced a spirit of the broadest philanthropy, no one acquainted with its history will question. It first recognized and taught the essential equality of man in the sight of God; it first insisted upon the equality of each man with every other man, in

the one blood of which God created all men to dwell upon the face of the earth. It recognized each as a member of the body politic and commanded subjection to the higher powers and strengthened the command with the additional sanction that "the powers that be are ordained of God," which to the Christian would be a consideration of fundamental importance. It taught him that Christianity, while absolving him from all obligation to worship the deities established by usage or law, did not absolve him from obedience to the temporal power of the government. Christianity took cognizance of man's domestic relationship. It saw the gross and demoralizing customs of home life; it beheld with eye of pity the degraded condition of woman in the home circle; it heard the wails of helpless infancy; it beheld with shame and horror the red hand of fanaticism lifted to destroy the innocents; it heard the piteous moan of captives delivered to slaughter at the instigation of a ruthless and incensed master; it looked in upon the revelry of the eventide, the debauchery of the darker hours, the besotted helplessness of the dawning twilight, and blushed and wept over the degradation and crime cloaked from public gaze by the guise of assumed refinement and urbanity of manners in public life. It did more than this. The scene excited its sorrow, it also aroused its indignation; it caused its tears to flow, it evoked its strongest protests; it touched the springs of its purity, it opened the fountain of its generosity; it called into line the forces of divine law, of human brotherhood, of Christian sympathy, of social affinity, and united them together in one compact and homogeneous host under the leadership of divine love, divine truth and spiritual inspiration for the deliverance of the homes of earth from the heel of the oppressor and the curse of wrong. To it we are indebted more than to anything else for the purity, safety and comfort of our homes to-day. If Christianity had not existed, "Home, Sweet Home" would never have been written, much less sung. Its influence on the social life of mankind is the remarkable feature in its career. Possessing none of the authority which wealth, learning, or position bestows, without a command or a design to interfere directly in political affairs, we find it, nevertheless, insinuating itself into, impregnating and permeating every department of human activity, and gaining most rapid and ultimately complete ascendancy in the halls of literature, in the temples of worship, in the chambers of legislation, and swaying the councils of kings as well as the councils of the church. Hence we find Constantine claiming to be a bishop in a certain sense. As Neander says: "That he might manage all political relations according to the Divine will, and give such direction to the whole as to lead his subjects into the way of pious living."

[Concluded next week.]

REUNION OF CHRISTIAN AND SANITARY COMMISSIONS.

[This reunion included members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, Chaplains, and other workers in the Army and Navy.]

BY REV. W. H. FEARNE.

SECOND PAPER.

Ocean Grove is now in its summer glory. The foliage is green and fresh, the flowers are beautiful in urn and bed, and the whole place shows evidence of care and work to make it clean. There have been great improvements made by the authorities, and property owners have done their best in beautifying their own premises. To one who was here in 1870, when there was but one cottage (called the pioneer) in the whole place, and all was uncleaned wood, barricaded by sand-drifts that had been piled up ten or twelve feet high, the place presents a striking contrast. Now the desert blossoms as the rose.

The exercises begun so auspiciously on Sunday were renewed on Monday. Many business men who helped to crowd the auditorium on Sunday had returned in the morning to their business in the city, with many others who had come down to spend the Sabbath. There was not, therefore, so great a crowd at the morning service. Still from fifteen hundred to two thousand were present. Geo. H. Stuart, the president, was in the chair, who, after announcing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which was sung, called on Rev. Dr. Eddy, of New York, who read a portion of Scripture and led in prayer.

Rev. J. O. Foster, of Waterbury, Ill., secretary of the Association, spoke of the labor and the difficulty he had experienced in getting these gatherings of the remaining members of these Commissions. He was glad to find a larger number present at this meeting than at any preceding. He had received responses from many who could not come, which he proceeded to read. Some of them contained incidents of great interest.

At the conclusion, the floor was yielded to the ladies, who represented the Diet Kitchen department. Mrs. G. C. Bancroft gave a very interesting account of the work as it opened before them, especially in the hospitals. Here

they ministered to the wants of many sick and wounded, some of whom had not tasted anything inviting or palatable since their removal from the field to the hospital. The expression of gratitude from these men for any little attention or delicacy, was gratifying indeed.

Mrs. Wittmeyer, of Philadelphia, followed. She was introduced as the originator of this department of work, who had charge of it from the beginning. Though pressed for time, Mrs. W. gave an interesting description of the work in both of its departments at home and in the field. The ladies in Philadelphia organized to provide food for the soldiers in passing to the field. After a time every regiment coming through, in the night especially, was halted and given a good supper, and many passing through in the day-time. She left that work in charge of capable and willing hands, and went to the front, where she found plenty to do in organizing relief for the sufferers. She had to encounter many difficulties in getting at some of the hospitals, and a great deal of red tape had to be untwisted or cut through. Some of the generals seemed to have their dignity touched by having a woman coming into camp. She had to force herself almost into the presence of some. But she persevered, and generally succeeded in accomplishing her object—the relief of men she found suffering. She was heard with deep interest, and as she took her seat was cheered to the echo.

The afternoon and evening meetings witnessed unabated, indeed a rising tide of interest. Rev. Drs. Hunt, of New York, Hovey of Connecticut, and Pearce of Syracuse, were the speakers. A large audience was held until ten o'clock, and then seemed reluctant to leave the place.

One of the most gratifying incidents of the meetings occurred in the afternoon. Portions of two Posts, G. A. R., in this vicinity marched into the midst of the audience with life and drum and banners flying, to seats that had been reserved for them. As they marched in, the audience arose and saluted them with waving handkerchiefs, clapping of hands and shouts that made the welkin ring again. So excited did the people become, that Mr. Stuart proposed three cheers for the G. A. R., and they were given. These were responded to by the Posts. It seemed like old times come back again. One of their number gave a short address, which was responded to by Dr. Stokes.

Tuesday, the last, was the great day of the feast, and at times the most exciting. Services were commenced a half-hour earlier than usual, which was occupied with religious services. Gen. Fisk occupied the chair in the morning, and after the opening exercises called upon Chaplain Walker, of Connecticut, who spoke particularly in commendation of the women at home—their devotion to the cause, and their activity in furnishing the means of relief for the soldiers.

Geo. H. Stuart was introduced, and gave a history of the Christian Commission. He dated it back to 1857, when a few friends were asked to meet in noon-day prayer-meeting for our business men and for our country. It has been continued ever since. This prepared the way for more consecutive and continued work for God in the war, when the time for advanced action came. Seeing the pressure upon the Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission was formed, as an aid and relief to the former in their labors for the physical comfort of the soldiers, embracing also their moral and spiritual instruction and improvement. Thus providentially they were led along step by step until the work reached such vast proportions.

The meeting was then thrown open, and several who had taken no part hitherto, spoke. John Patterson, Mr. Stuart said, was the first man to leave home on a Christian Commission order; and John spoke of what he saw as he went down to the front; how his heart was thrilled when the men said, "Thank God! they remember us at home!" Rev. S. B. Rooney enlarged the field in his experience. Chaplain Duffield also saw many things; he made two wonderful cures by giving a preparation of composition and ginger in such proportions that he feared the result; but the men were suffering from chills, and it proved effectual.

Tuesday afternoon was to be occupied by Dr. Stokes in an address of welcome to the members of the Joint Commissions, etc., and a response by G. H. Stuart. The Doctor began, and right eloquently he proceeded. As he had almost reached a climax, and had aroused the enthusiasm of the audience to a high pitch, the most terrific gale ever known in this place broke upon us, as in a moment, accompanied with lightning, thunder and rain, the latter sounding like a continued rattle of musketry upon the roof of the auditorium. A few left to find shelter in their homes, but most remained. As the Doctor could not make himself heard, he started the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," which was taken up by the audience and sung with a will. For nearly half an hour the singing of various pieces was kept up. It was a sublime scene—the heavens thundering above, earth responding in songs below; the wind and tempest, unroofing houses and overturning trees outside, Christians trusting and singing quietly within the auditorium. A spirit of holy rest seemed to pervade every heart.

After the storm the Doctor finished his address, and was responded to by Mr. Stuart and Mr. Foster. The latter said he had heard many eloquent speakers and speeches, but he never before heard a man who could command a thunder-storm to cap the climax to his speech. Taken all in all, the occasion was one of the grandest conceivable. It was feared that after such a storm, with a gentle rain still falling, and with the dampness of the ground from the past, the audience of the evening would

be small and the interest wane. Two of the most important exercises of the occasion were to be enjoyed. To the surprise of all, the auditorium was nearly filled. After the opening exercises, Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor, D. D., of Brooklyn, gave us a historic poem prepared for the occasion, entitled, "Columbia Victress." It was well written, and delivered with an interest that is simply indescribable. It brought down the house—no other auditorium—again and again, with vociferous applause.

At the close of its delivery, when the applause it had awakened had subsided, Dr. Stokes sprang to his feet and begged the privilege of reading the following, which he had penned while Dr. Taylor was speaking: —

"May our Columbia, crowned and throned mistress of the nation,
The victress on a thousand fields, forever hold her station,
To sing her lofty deeds of fame, may poets never fail her,
They never shall while throbs the brain of our own Lansing Taylor."

As he read the last line he stepped up to Dr. Taylor and tapped him on the shoulder. The effect was electrical. The audience rose, waved their handkerchiefs and cheered vociferously for several minutes.

When quiet was restored, Gen. C. B. Fisk was introduced and addressed the audience in one of the most effective and telling speeches we ever heard. He was completely at home in the theme of the occasion. He was with many he had met in field and hospital work when he was in command, and witnessed many of the scenes that had been alluded to during the meetings. In describing the first anniversary of the Christian Commission held in Washington, he pictured the persons and the characters of the great men who composed it with such clearness and force that one could almost see the forms of Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Hancock and others rise up before him. Then his happy hits on their peculiarities were so telling that they awakened enthusiasm everywhere, and called forth cheers and responses from stand and auditorium together. Even such a staid old anti-Republican as W. P. Corbett could throw back his head and laugh and clap his hands and stamp his feet upon the straw within the altar where he sat when the General described the late Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Gen. W. S. Hancock—the gentleman and scholar, whom they used to call the handsome man in the army, and were proud of him.

It was a master speech, and a glorious wind-up of a glorious occasion, and held the unbroken attention of all until ten o'clock. At its conclusion the members adjourned to the parlors of the Arlington, where an hour was spent in enjoyable sociability, interspersed with music by the colored club of the hotel. After singing and prayer, the meeting was adjourned, to be held next year in the same place.

OLD HYMNS.

On opening ZION'S HERALD this morning (July 28), the first thing that caught my eye in its columns was an article by Dr. Trafton, under the caption, "Some Old Hymns." How they revived memories of my childhood, youth and early manhood! My aged father, now in his ninety-third year of age, and still hale and vigorous, a local preacher for more than fifty years, has had in his possession from my earliest recollection a little volume entitled "Zion Songster." He and my saluted mother, now in heaven, led their fifteen children each morning and evening in our family devotions. Mother had a soft, sweet, musical voice, and when father led off with his fine, strong voice, and the children would join in the chorus, it was like a heaven below. Our white neighbors would often on pleasant evenings come to the adjoining fence to listen to the singing of "Uncle Jimmie" and his children. Father and his children and many others of our people are still singing those songs, and I cordially invite Dr. Trafton to attend the ensuing session of the South Carolina Conference, which meets at Sumter, and we will regale him once more, before he dies, with the songs of our fathers.

My heart often yearns for those old hymns, and when I become wearied with the highly artistic but often spiritless singing, I devote an hour or two to singing these grand old hymns. They recall the olden times, the camp-meetings and class-meetings where mother gave her experience, telling in scrappie strains what Christ had done for her, but above all the home of my childhood, the fireside where father used to pray so fervently and earnestly that I said to one of my sisters one morning after our devotions, "I'll be converted if pappy will pray a little more." I was the black sheep of the flock, always getting into mischief. I was converted in my seventeenth year, May 6, 1866.

Among my small collection of books I have a volume entitled, "Social and Camp-meeting Songs for the Pious." It is by Armstrong & Plaskitt, Baltimore, 1831. In this era of fraternity and union between the blue and the gray, may there not be a reunion of the men who fought the battles of the Union and of the church, though not with carnal weapons? Of course on this side of Mason & Dixon's line we were not allowed any books, but father always contrived to keep and read the Bible, the hymn-book, and the Methodist Discipline. I give two stanzas of a favorite hymn of the collection: —

"The Bible is my chart,
By it I seek to know,
I cannot with my part,
It rocks and sends doth above;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.
"My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost,
Himself vouchsafes to steer.
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my Steersman's skill."

J. B. MIDDLETON.

Greenville, S. C.

Our Book Table.

From Harper & Brothers, in two finely-published octavo volumes of 625 and 707 pages, we have *The Life of James Buchanan*—the fifteenth President of the United States. The first volume presents his portrait in his young manhood—a striking face with large eyes, an attractive appearance, looking quite like a Presbyterian clergyman, with his broad white neckcloth. The second volume presents a full-length view of Mr. Buchanan at the time of his presidency, with gray hair, but still a very presentable man, faultlessly dressed, and with a dignified bearing. The work of preparing these memoirs, after having been entrusted to others who were prevented from discharging this duty, came into the hands of George Ticknor Curtis, and he has executed his task in a conscientious manner and with marked ability. His work was more a service of condensation and arrangement than of the gathering of scattered material from the private and public incidents in the life of his subject. Mr. Buchanan kept full minutes of every thing of interest occurring in his public life, copies of all which papers, and full explanations and defenses of his chief acts, especially such as were matters of discussion in the country. His correspondence had been carefully arranged, and was very full. The editor had therefore abundant material at hand to permit him to present his biography fairly and fully before the eyes of his fellow-citizens in the form most satisfactory to his subject. Born just before the beginning of the last century, and just after the establishment of the Federal government, his public life covers the most interesting portion of the history of the country up to the close of the civil war. In the quiet questions before Congress Mr. Buchanan took a lively interest, and they reappear in the light of his correspondence and speeches in these volumes. Mr. Curtis would be more disposed to his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who was afterwards the mistress at the presidential mansion during his bachelor occupation of it, are admirable. As a simple biography, it could hardly bear still greater condensation; but as a picture of the stirring times in which the ex-President ran his career, its elaborate and extended statements are well worthy of preservation. They will form important elements in the ultimate history of those years when the integrity of the Republic was put to its most serious peril.

The work is for sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

From the Pacific coast we have another fine octavo volume in the series now in publication by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, entitled, *The History of the Republic of the Pacific States*. The author is Hubert Howe Bancroft, who is enabled, by the expert corps of assistants which he has organized, and the valuable material which he has accumulated, to permit him to gather, to accomplish the work of many lifetimes in one, and to give his countrymen, in rapid succession, a series of remarkable histories of the hitherto unrecorded and unexplored territories of the great States and Territories at the south and west of the original United Colonies of America. The present volume, which is the second in the series (the fourth and fifth, upon the Mexican history, having been published before this), continues the history of Central America from 1530, when, in connection with his conquest of Peru, Pizarro led his forces north and commenced the work of subduing the southern provinces of North America. The volume opens with a terrible, but probably truthful, characterization of Pizarro. The story of the bloody work of conquering the Indians and their forces, the establishment of Spanish authority and the Roman Catholic faith, under successive brutal governors, in Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Chiapas, and Yucatan, with the revolts and recoveries, the quarrels among the Spanish leaders themselves, the piracies in the adjoining seas, the merciless treatment of the aborigines, and the fortunes of these unhappy governments down to the opening of the present century, is vividly told. The volume bears the same characteristics in style and grouping of facts as its predecessors, showing a clear, controlling mind governs the arrangement of material and gives shape and color to the digested history. The recorded facts and opinions are amply sustained by the abundant footnotes, an exhaustive list of the text. The work is a significant sign of the progress of the arts upon the Pacific. The mechanical execution of the book is every way worthy of the ambitious and ideal character of its subject, and compares well with the publications of long-established Eastern houses.

Bishop Samuel Fallows has prepared a very convenient and useful hand-book of SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS, which is published in Chicago by the Standard Book Company, for sale at \$1.00. It is, in fact, a condensed but sufficiently ample form for general use, words of similar and opposite meaning, with Americanisms, Britishisms, classical quotations and allusions. It will be found after examination and use well indispensable to the desk of the writer, teacher, and public speaker. It has been compiled from many sources, and presents, in a portable form, what can only be found in more bulky and larger volumes. The Americanisms and colloquialisms are published separately, with flexible covers, for 25 cents.

By far the strongest and fullest argument which has been written in defense of the unfettered character of the wine used by our Saviour when on earth, and of the wines of Scripture which are commended, was embodied in a series of articles published in the *Methodist Quarterly*, from the pen of Rev. Leon C. Field. We notice them repeatedly at the time of their publication. Their separate issue has been earnestly called for, and the publishers at New York, Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, have sent it forth in the form of a thin octavo of 162 pages, bearing the title of *On the Use of Wine in the Bible*. The Introduction by Bishop H. W. Warren, Price, \$1. Nothing stronger has been said on this side of the question. It is exhaustive in its consideration of the Scriptural allusions to wine. All our ministers and the friends of temperance will want a copy for reference and preservation. If not absolutely convincing, it will be found difficult to answer.

James R. Osmond & Co. issue, in the same style as the school edition of Shakespeare by the same author, Scott's

LADY OF THE LAKE, by Wm. J. Rolfe. This beautiful, but cheap, edition of the charming poem of the great Scottish novelist is illustrated by many of the fine engravings which were published in the elegant holiday edition of the poem last fall by the same House. The careful editor has secured with much painstaking what may be considered a perfect text. It is astonishing to learn how many variations have crept into the different editions of so modern a poem. The poem is accompanied, as are the author's other volumes, by excellent notes, and the edition is every way just the text-book and desired for classes in literature in our higher schools. Price 75 cents.

From the same house we have a charming little brochure, which purports to be the beginning of a series—there cannot be too many of them—bearing the running title of "Waring's Home Stories." This one is entitled, *Wm. George E. Waring*. It is reprinted from a volume containing several similar contributions, called "Whip and Spur." It certainly reminds the reader of the Scotch ballads, and the Scotch and the dogs. It is a rare and pathetic story of an intelligent horse. In its present form, paper covers, it is sold for 10 cents.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. continue their vest-pocket series of volumes, entitled "Heart Cords," by adding *My Growth*, by J. W. Waring, by Joseph W. Reynolds, A. A., and *My Exhortation*, by Rev. Geo. A. Chalmers, D. D. These are eminently practical and spiritual little volumes, which will be welcomed by meditative Christians in hours of devotion.

Funk & Wagnalls issue, in their Standard Library, a very interesting volume, the prolific pen of Rev. E. Paxton Hood. It is entitled, *SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS*. It covers every side of the nature of the sturdy North British race—its humors, superstitions, proverbs, tales, its law courts, its manners, its literature, its history. The book will be found to be an interesting traveling companion on a vacation trip; 25 cents, in paper.

The unbound series of the well-selected volumes of John H. Alden's *Elizabetan Library* now amount to eighty in number. The series is complete, one of which is issued weekly, to cheap, but form an instructive, cheap, and entertaining series.

The American Sunday School Union of Philadelphia publishes a third set of ten new books, from their list, bound in neat paper covers and sold together for \$1.00. In their usual binding they would cost \$1.50. The series is entitled, *The Bible in Pictures*. Among these volumes are some of the most attractive in their catalogue. It is an excellent plan thus to provide the best Sunday-school literature in the cheapest form for mission schools.

The Magazines.

Popular Science for August opens with a paper of vital importance to every New Englander, "The New England Population," by Dr. Nathan Allen. The statistics given and the conclusions drawn, which seem logical, would seem to show that the prestige of New England, as a center of civilization, is rapidly declining, and that the people, who have gone by thousands to establish themselves in other parts of our land, is fast becoming a thing of the past. As a reader of these lines, who has reached or passed middle age, but feels in him or herself the physical degeneracy of the times. Where are the New England mothers of two—nay, of even one generation ago, to be found among the mothers of to-day? And this change in physical organization of the writer of this paper traces by the statistics to the influx of a foreign population, which, as the writer says, "instead of proving a blessing, may result in one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell any race or people." The paper should be read by every native American New Englander. The next paper on "The Anatomy of Modern Politics" is of wider interest, and deserves the attention of every voter. In "Rank and Title," Mr. Carpenter shows how absurd and meaningless most of the titles given in our country are. He employs as "The Little Missouri Bad Lands" is the first of an interesting series.

"Technical Education" is discussed by A. C. Bond. He points out the stand-point of its great benefit to the workman, who, instead of being the mere tool to carry out the plan of the designer, having learned the theory, can more intelligently put it into practice. Next comes the paper on "The Remedies of Nature: Climatic Fevers," and how grandly he does sweep away the effete ideas and prejudices that kill so many thousands each year. He demands that the people alone ought to be rewarded with a gold medal! But his common-sense, practical instructions for the treatment of fever patients ought to find their way into every family in the land, and be made a part of the curriculum of study in every school above the grammar grade. But we can only name the titles of some of the remaining papers—*Associated States*, *The Roman Empire*, *The Chemical Distribution of North America*, *Locusts as Food for Man*, *A Natural Sea-World*, *The Telephone: A Sketch of its Invention*, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. Science is indeed popularized in recent issues of this journal, and made most thoroughly practical to the masses.

The *Atlantic* for August is a fine summer number, opening with a good installment of the *Atlantic* series. Brooke Herford in an interesting paper next discusses and defends "The Trustworthiness of Early Tradition." Henry James continues his gossip and entertaining description of his ramblings in "En Province." A charming story is "The Hare and the Tortoise," by Sarah Orne Jewett. The solid article of the issue is "Academic Socialism," and it is solid enough for a stormy day's perusal. Mr. Lathrop, in an excellent installment of his "Newport," and begins to make his plot interesting. Ernest W. Longfellow has a chapter of "Reminiscences of Thomas Couture," which will please art students. There is a curious bit of descriptive dialogue in "The Old Dominion." Charles Dudley Warner serves as a genial and communicative pilot. "Around the Spanish Coast," and "Oliver Thorne Miller" tells the story of her "Study of a Catbird." There are excellent long reviews of Mr. McMaster's "History of the United States," of Dr. Dix's "Memoirs of John A. Dix," and of "The Reminiscences of Ernest Ruan." The poetry of the number is very fair, Mrs. Platt's "The Gift of Tears" leading in length and excellence. The "Contributors' Club," contains some good poems, especially in reference to the habit of following the French in the spelling of Russian and Polish names with a *ts* when the letter is neither in the Russian nor French alphabet.

Recent numbers of the *Illustrated Weekly*, the new Philadelphia illustrated weekly, contain some splendid reproductions of beautiful foreign wood-engravings, portraits and genre pictures.

The

THIRD

SUNDAY.

BY REV.

I. Preface.

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Business notices..... 80
Reading notices..... 40 "
Address
A. S. WEED, Publisher
36 Bromfield St., Boston

The Family.

SAVED AT THE STAKE.

BY EMMA F. FISK.

The morning sun has risen bright
O'er England broad and fair,
It bathes the forest-tops with light,
And clears the misty air.
All nature seems to smile again
Beneath the kindly rays,
And only burdened hearts of men
Can mourn instead of praise.

For though the sunlight streaming down
Broods gently o'er the land,
Kissing the autumn leaflets brown
As to the earth they fall,
Yet clouds of horror day by day
Their deepening shadows throw,
For bloody Mary's cruel way
Seems naught of truth to know.

And yonder stands a convent old,
Whose gray, moss-covered stones
Could mark darksome deeds unrolled,
And tell of many groans
Which, all unheard by mortal ears,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Have reached the throne of Him who hears
His children when they cry.

E'en now but just a week has fled,
So swift the days return,
Since once again the Bishop said,
"This heretic must burn."
It was no preacher bold and brave
Who had great zeal displayed,
Whose sentence thus the Bishop gave,
'Twas but a gentle maid.

A maid so young, so pure and fair,
That, looking in her face,
'Twould seem that naught was written there
Save innocence and grace.
And when the dreadful words of doom
Stern and relentless fell
Upon the stillness of the room,
She murmured low, "Tis well."

One moment through her slender frame
A trembling shudder passed;
The lilies in her cheeks became
Yet whiter in its blast;
And then in prayer she raised her eyes,
To be with courage filled,
That she might win the martyr's prize;
And so the storm was stilled.

Six days have rolled away since then,
Freighted with sad suspense,
And now the seventh is dawning, when
Her trial must commence.
Already at the convent gate
The dark-browed Bishop stands,
While priest and monk around him wait,
To do his dread commands.

In yonder village common wide
They plant the cruel stake;
They lay the fagots down beside,
And all provision make.
When finally the task is done,
From every humble cot
The village people, one by one,
Assemble at the spot.

And look! From out the convent door
Comes the procession now,
The haughty Bishop goes before,
His mitre on his brow;
A gleaming crucifix he holds;
A priest on either side
The banners of the church unfolds,
Their cruel sin to hide.

As nearer draws the solemn train
With measured footsteps slow,
The people strive a glimpse to gain
Of her whose fate they know.
Approaching calmly 'mid the throng
A girlish form they see,
And marvel that such courage strong
In one so young should be.

When, having reached the fatal ground,
Hails the procession dread,
Deep silence falls on those around,
As forth the maid is led.
But, moved with gentleness, a priest,
Ere flames her lips should seal,
Entreats permission now at least
To make one last appeal.

This given, with tearful, pleading voice,
And earnest, tender stress,
He begs her to recall her choice,
Her errors to confess.
"Thou art too young, too fair to die,"
He urges, "Oh, consent!
Long years of peace before thee lie
If thou wilt but repent."

"Do not, I pray thee, longer spurn
Thy privilege to live;
If thou wilt to thy faith return,
The church can yet forgive.
Kneel here, my daughter, kneel and kiss
This crucifix I hold;
Prove thy contrition, now, by this,
And seek once more the fold."

"I cannot, father," she replies,
Her blue eyes growing dim,
For whoso'er his Lord denies
Shall be denied by Him.
I know that in the hour of pain
He'll listen to my prayer,
And if I suffer, I shall suffer
With Jesus over there."

"Alas! my child, thou hast not trod
The way to that goal!
The church can do no more. May God
Have mercy on thy soul!"
He answers weeping, and withdraws,
Lamenting o'er her sin;
There is a moment's silent pause,
And then the work begins.

With strongest copper chains they bind
The gentle maiden, while
Some eager ones the torches find,
And fagots round her pile.
The preparations done, they wait
Their silent Bishop's word;
Then, 'mid the hush of awe so great,
His clear, stern voice is heard:—

"Apply the torches, no reprieve!
And from his outstretched hand
The executioners receive,
Each one, a burning brand.
The maiden claps her Bible then
Close to her throbbing heart;
In her uplifted eyes again
The peary tapers start."

"Sweet Jesu, pity me," she prays,
"And help me to be brave;
To thee I commit my ways,
For Thou my soul canst save!"
His torch each executioner
Now to the wood applies;
The autumn breezes gently rise
The tardy flames that spire.

But hark! A distant sound they hear,
As if some flying steed,
In haste were coming swiftly near,
Urged by a pressing need.
The hoof-strokes loud and louder seem,
Till soon around the curve
They see a horseman's armor gleam,
As, stretching every nerve,

And so his lord retard.
Approaching fast the astonished crowd,
A letter in his hand
He waves aloft, and shouts aloud
With gesture of command.

His ear each wondering listener strains,
As clear the accents ring,—
"Queen Mary's dead and Elizabeth reigns,
Her pardon here I bring."
And reaching now the common side,
He from his charger springs,
Then, rushing forward, far and wide,
The burning brands he flings.

Soon, from the dreadful stake released,
The maid once more is free;
Nor monk, nor bishop stern, nor priest,
Can take her liberty;
But safe, with her preserver near,
The priestly warden is braved,
As glad the accents meet her ear,
"My sister, thou art saved!"

A VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY MRS. FRANK M. MERRILL.

MR. EDITOR: A friend, knowing of my severe sickness, and healing in answer to prayer, sent me your paper of Feb. 28, 1883, containing Bishop Foss' experience of sickness. Reading this, and at the request of some of your readers, I take the liberty to give you my rich experience of God's love to me, in healing and baptizing me with His Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

About the middle of September, 1881, my husband was prostrated with typhoid fever. After taking care of him for ten days, our son Fred was taken with it. When he had been sick ten days, and his father twenty, I found I was losing my mind. I had gone to the kitchen for something, when I dropped on the floor, saying, "Oh, I am so sick!" My husband was in one bed and Fred in another in the same room. Neither could come to me. My husband, hearing me, told me to try to get into the room where they were. A little boy who was taking care of the horse for me came in, found me, and went home and told his mother. She came and sent for our physician. I do not know how I got to bed, but I was there when this lady arrived. When Dr. S. came, I said to him, "O doctor, give me something to rest me to-night, so I may take care of Frank and Fred in the morning." He answered, "My dear child, you have been sick enough to be in bed for ten days, and now you must stay there for awhile." He left medicine for me, and then went to the store for my husband's father. My parents are dead. Father arrived soon after, but I was too sick to recognize him, or any one else. I got away from father three times during the evening. I knew no more in a rational way till the middle of April, 1882, and then only for a few moments at a time. I was constantly failing, until finally it was impossible for me to move myself. About the fourth week of my fever I rose, and was getting out of a window, when I fell backwards, striking my head on the floor. I was so very sick with the fever that they did not notice I had hurt myself; but when the fever left me, and I did not move, they remembered my fall. I was taken up by my physicians. My head dropped on my breast, and my eyes closed. I had no power to move in any way. With three holdings me up, I could not move my feet or any part of my body. When they laid me down, my eyes would open. This I know from my physician since.

The agonies I suffered during the whole seven months can never be expressed. I knew all the suffering. The first three weeks I was traveling with a tribe of Indians. I was in every country in the world. At times I was tortured fearfully. The nurses and my husband knew it all, as I talked incessantly, from a whisper to a scream. When they gave me medicine, I was always in a hurry, for if I did not get back in time, the Indians tortured me. Once I was thrown into a den of wild-cats, which tore me in pieces. At one time one of the nurses, under direction of my physician, was trying an experiment on my back. Leaving the room a moment, they heard a noise like the snorting of a horse and rushed into the room to find me tearing everything within my reach, and pulling my hair out by handfuls. It took three of them two hours and a half to hold me on the bed. That was the last time they attempted to touch my back, excepting when they applied leeches, in order to draw the blood from my head and spine. I had an abscess opened and dressed every night and morning for two weeks. I remember nothing of that. My joints were so sensitive they could not be touched. It seemed to me as though the first joints of my fingers and toes would drop off, they ached so terribly. That was before my feet and ankles were paralyzed. My knees were as large as my head, and I cannot find words to express the intense pain in them. The disease increased until the nerves in my head and back seemed as though they had been laid bare and some one was pulling each one. The tiniest jar in any part of the house was dreadful. A person crossing the yard would cause the perspiration to start so that my coverings would be wet through. I could not take solid food, as there was no action of the throat; it was moist enough, it went down; if not, it was like suffocation. I could not help it at all. My head pained me so badly that I have screamed for hours. The only thing that eased it was applying towels wrung out of water so hot that it parboiled the hands of the persons changing them. I have had these terrible times with my head last from two to eight hours. The worst one continued nineteen hours without any ease.

I could not bear any conversation in the room, although I talked all the time myself to imaginary persons, the harder the pain the faster and louder, until I was worn out and could only whisper. I could not endure any weeping. If a paper was touched I went into a per-

fect frenzy. The fall had caused cerebral meningitis, with inflammation of the spinal cord and brain. My spine was not touched during my sickness; I could not have borne it. One of the nurses told me since I have recovered, that at one of the consultations Dr. G. said he came prepared to see fearful suffering from what Dr. S. had told him of the case, but that he threw up his hands in horror, saying, "It is terrible, terrible!" They were trying to examine my spine.

Some time during the last of April, 1882, I knew by the expression on their faces that they thought I was not to get up. I could hardly move. I should judge I was about three weeks thinking the little I am about to write now. I was alone in the room, and the thought came to me, I don't see why God can't work a miracle now as well as when Christ was here. The more I tried to think it, the more I thought He might. I said, as though He was in the room — and I shall always believe He was — "Now, if Thou wilt take me from this bed — as I know I shall never leave it in any other way — I will devote one year of my life to doing all I can for the sick of any creed or color." Immediately I felt that I was to be healed. When or how I did not know nor care, but said, "Be it long or short, Lord, give me patience to bear it." I told my husband and our clergyman I was going to be healed by a miracle. As I did not know enough to tell the rest of it, they thought I was still in the delirium of my sickness. Soon after, I experienced the most beautiful sensation a person could possibly have. A golden light seemed to come down, starting from above my head and encircling my whole body, about a foot above, beneath, and on the sides. I should think it filled a space about the size of a casket that would be large enough for me. I lay in this about half an hour. I felt that I was in the presence of God. I knew I was not death coming, for I believed He was going to raise me up; for had not Jesus said, "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you?" And I had read before I was sick that "God cannot lie."

On Wednesday, May 17, 1882, I prayed that my clothes might be brought to me, and that the Lord would answer me through my husband at noon when I should ask him.

After he ate his dinner, I said to him, "Frank, I wish to ask you something, and I want you to stop and think before you answer."

"What is it, Jennie?"

"I want you to get out my clothes." "I had asked him to take me to Egypt. I hardly think he would have been more surprised. He looked out of the window at the weather-vane (it had been storming all the week, I was told after), saying,

"The wind is east, and it is a very bad day, but I think I will get them and have them aired."

That seemed to satisfy me, but he had no idea I would ever put them on. On Thursday, May 18, 1882, I prayed during the forenoon that I might get up. I said to the Lord, "This is Ascension Day (although I know not how I knew, for I am not a Catholic or an Episcopalian). I don't see, Lord, why I can't get up to-day as well as any other, as Christ arose on this day. Why can't I?" I then asked for a sign if I might, and told the Lord what I wished for the sign, it being so hard that, were I to see it, I should be obliged to believe it was from God, as no one on earth could do it. While my husband was eating his dinner I thought of my sign, looked around the room and saw just what I had asked for — which no mortal could have placed in my room. I knew I was going to get up.

When Frank came in, he sat down by me, and I told him I was going to get up. He said, "Come," not thinking I would. I remember I could move my left hand that day a little, but had not stood or sat up for seven months. I thought, "What if I should fall or take cold?" Immediately this came to me. "Those that help themselves the Lord will help." I threw my left arm back, flinging off the bed clothes, sprang out of bed, and walked into the next room, where my clothes had been waiting twenty-four hours for me. As I started, my husband said in a frightened tone, "Where are you going?" "Into the parlor," I said. I walked! I went; I can't explain it, but it was not walking. I sat down, folded my arms, and thanked the Lord for what He had done. I then told Frank of the sign. I asked him if he would put my boots on, and let me see how they would feel. "Are you going to dress yourself?" "I am going to put on one thing at a time. If my strength holds out, I am; if not, I will go back to bed." My husband has said since that I held my foot up to have the boot put on. From my knees down the flesh was shriveled (as I had been paralyzed). I was rubbed by a professional rubber from the baths in Dublin, Ireland, from one hour and a half to two and a half a day. My rubber has told me he could have stuck a pin into me anywhere from the knees down and it would not have hurt me, and they were cold as ice all the time. After Frank put my boots on, I said, "I think I will dress myself." He looked alarmed, but let me do as I pleased. He helped me at first, then I finished dressing alone, standing while I took off one dress, as it would not meet, and turned the skirt of another, put it on, and then sat down.

My husband asked how long I was going to sit up, as he could not stay at home all the afternoon. I told him I was going to sit up all the afternoon. My voice, which had been very weak, was now beginning to sound more natural and louder. He then left me, and when he came home he found me up, all right. I had the table set in my room, so that I could eat with them. I went to bed at 7.30, having been up five hours. I rose the next morning at 7.30, and sat up eleven hours. I took my bird down to see him take his bath, brought in a toilet table from the next

room, and hung him up. I spread down a crumb-cloth on the floor. I put coal on the fire. I asked for strength to do each thing, and thanked the Lord for it. When I did not ask, I immediately began to fail, and asked as quickly as Peter did for the Lord to help me. And He did! To this day I haven't strength of my own as other people have, but I ask and get it, and am thankful each time.

The third day I rode three miles. The fifth day after I was up my physician asked how my back felt, — if it was sore. I told him to try it. He did so, saying, "It is wonderful, wonderful! You are perfectly well, and look as though you never had been sick a day in your life." The tenth day I rode eight miles, and began my work, visiting my first patient, who had sent for me. For nearly two months I could not talk on any other subject, as my brain was not strong enough. I had to learn nearly everything over. Clergymen of nearly every denomination, physicians, scientists, Spiritualists, etc., have visited me. Letters have been received from different parts of the country asking about my sickness and wonderful recovery. Several reporters have been to me to obtain the facts for publication; but I thought best not to let it go till I had been a year. Then I would write it myself. I tried to keep a diary, and find, under May 31, 1882: "Stuffed a piece of lamb for dinner. Went to see a lady — sick — that had sent for me. Prayed with her and anointed her according to James 5: 14, 15. Drove the horse to the store alone for my husband to go to tea. June 8: Never felt stronger during my life than I am to-day. All praise to the Father of love! Have worked all day with the girl cleaning house. July 12: Went to Boston, saw Dr. Cullis, and told him about my sickness and healing. He anointed, and prayed that whatever weakness might be left in my body should be taken away." Some time in July I stood three hours washing my horse. During July, August and September I traveled most of the time. I went to the Old Orchard Faith Convention, where I shall go this year if the Lord is willing and shows me clearly I may. The last week in August I drove to New Hampshire — went for two weeks to rest. I found plenty of work for the Lord, and was gone five weeks. My year of work is over. If the dear Lord wishes my services longer, He will send work to me. I will be ready for it. I have opened a repository for faith tracts and books. People are getting more and more interested in this great work, and find that the days of miracles are not over.

I had three female and two male nurses and my rubber, beside the physicians and my husband after he was able to be about the house. (Fred lingered between life and death for many weeks. Praise the Lord, he lived!) I had for granted that either of them had been sick till I was told of it several weeks after I was healed.

The thousandth part of the suffering I experienced cannot be told, and the blessings I have received since I was healed I could not write in a whole month's time. My dear suffering ones, who may read this, trust in the Lord, for there is nothing too hard for Him to do. If He could furnish me a new brain and limbs (for in four days after I left my bed they were filled out with good hard flesh), and put life into my spine, He can do anything. Trust Him fully! (James 1: 5, 6, 7.)

We have used no remedies since, although we have all needed them, humbly speaking. We take ourselves and our animals to the Lord every time anything happens to us. Praise the Lord for His great goodness to us!

I was converted during May, 1866, under Rev. S. F. Upham's preaching, and baptized by him in November of the same year. I had a very happy conversion. That was giving my soul to Jesus. This is reconversion — if such a thing can be — and a consecrated giving of the body. I have no fear. I have given my body and soul to Him, and He guides me each day. Glory to God!

Lowell, Mass., May 29, 1883.

"NO MORE SEA."

When days were long and nights were white
And all things panted with the heat,
And shadowless glare was in the street,
And the head ached with too much light,
Then with a sigh you sometimes said,
"Oh, for the breezy sea instead!"

Through snatches of glad holidays,
When skies were blue and seas were calm,
And every sound was sweet with praise,
To sweep opponents from their path,
You learned how good the truth can be,
"In heaven there is no more sea."

God's "No more sea" means no more care,
No more suspense and no more tears,
No growing older with the years,
Or adding with the need of prayer;
It means no sorrow nor decay,
Since former things have passed away.

No more the waters that divide
Hearts that would fain be always near,
No pain for those we hold most dear,
No shrinking from the rising tide,
No fear nor grief nor pain shall be
When you are where is no more sea.

There is a river whose cool streams
Make glad the city of our God,
And weary feet that earth have trod
Are resting where that water gleams;
God guide in safety you and me
To that dear land of no more sea!

Marianne Farningham.

"SOME OLD HYMNS."

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

It was at the breakfast table I read the article thus headed. It is a constant habit of mine, this taking of some periodical with me to the table, thus combining intellectual food with material, and I opine that it "helpeth digestion" even more than the "hearty laugh" of the Shakespearean adage. It prolongs the sitting, for one has to eat very slowly when a mouthful (?) from the

paper alternates with every one from the plate! From a long and profitable experience I recommend this combination to all dyspeptic readers of the HERALD.

It was at my solitary Sunday morning breakfast that I first opened the last HERALD, and the article referred to at once attracted my eye, not only by its caption, but the additional attractiveness of the name beneath it; for I must confess to a special liking for the charming writer — his articles, I mean. The opening paragraph touched an echoing chord — "Songs of Zion," by Moses Springer. In a moment memory leaped over the intervening years back to early childhood. I saw the tiny, oft-read volume. Every citation from it I well remember, excepting the last, sung by the three native Indian boys. The one best remembered, and often repeated adown the years, is this: —

"The Lord into His garden comes."
It always had a charm for me, and as I have looked upon the lovely lilies of my garden, I have quoted the line.

"The lilies grow and thrive."
I have heard Rev. W. F. Farrington sing, "This morning most sweetly," etc., and when at the last annual Conference at Lewiston, his rich, musical voice rang out the old-time "Song of Zion" —

"The Old Israelites knew what it was they must do,"
at the close of that blessed love-feast, did it not thrill all hearts, and bring the tears from many eyes?

What a treasure that little book was to my saintly mother, and though unable to carry any tune correctly, her voice was often heard singing some of those precious songs in her way, which was a far better way than the wailing of the fashionable quartettes of the present time, for there was the true melody of the Holy Spirit in her heart.

The compiler of those quaint songs — how well I knew him in childhood and later years! His wife was taken from our nearest neighbor's home; her youngest sister was one of my most intimate associates, and now the wife of one of the most active members of the M. E. Church at Gardiner, converted and united with it at the same time as myself. How glad I am to clasp her hand now and then at the Conference! Caroline Springer, the excellent daughter of Rev. Moses Springer, was a loved friend, and now glad I would be to know if she still lives, and if so, where.

I love the friends of my mature years, but those of my youthful days are cherished with a deeper affection. I recall them often. Some have passed within the veil; others I cannot locate; a few still remain whose faces I sometimes look upon, or with whom I can talk through the medium of the pen.

"Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again."

HOW SHE WAS CURED.

For three years Mrs. — had been a sad, nervous invalid, when by the death of an uncle she came into possession of bonds that yielded an annual income of \$5,000. At once her health began to improve, she walked erect, and her face became radiant. Since her marriage she had become a beggar; and beggars are not strong in health, noble in bearing, or happy in face. Her husband was rich, and a good man; but "careful" about his money. He never parted with a dollar if he could possibly keep it. Their house was handsome, and their table good; but while Dora, the servant, who dressed quite as well as her mistress, was not obliged to beg for money, Mrs. — could not get a dollar for personal expenses without explaining, urging — in brief, begging.

Visiting her mother in another State, she related, with many tears, the following story: —

"I needed a warm dress in the autumn; but so great was my repugnance to asking John for the means, that I put it off till midwinter. One evening we had company, and John was delighted with their praise of my singing. After we had retired, and he had spoken very warmly of my success in entertaining our friends, I thought the moment auspicious, and in the most gentle way mentioned the needed dress. John was silent for some minutes, and then said: —

"Why, my dear, I thought you were the best-dressed woman among them. Don't you think, dear, it's a foolish thing to go on adding dress after dress, when your closet is so full that you can hardly get into it? If you will take my advice, I should say wear out some of the dresses you already have."

"Not another word was spoken by either of us. I did not choose to tell him that the dress I had worn that evening was my only handsome silk, and that my only warm woolen dress was worn out. I could not sleep, and before morning resolved, come what might, I would never beg again. That vow I have kept. During two years I have had no additions to my wardrobe, except the woolen dress you sent to me. Not one word has passed between my husband and self on the subject. Oh, how often I think of the sweet independence of my life as a music teacher.

When I gave myself to John it was easy to make me happy. I asked but little, and you know, mother, I never shrink from care and labor. But now that dear Uncle Ebenezer's bonds give me the means to clothe myself, and assist my nieces as I used to, I shall keep the bonds in my hands. The husband and father declares that all his toil and savings are for his family. For himself, he does not care. His wife, who transmutes dollars into precious child-muscle, brain and heart, instead of being obliged to resist her husband's importunities to take more, and use more for her ceaseless and vital tasks, is often compelled to go

on her knees, a very beggar for the money she needs. She waits for a moment when her husband is full of good dinner, and then explains, argues, implores.

If the husband and father were as wise as those who raise cows, horses, or pigs, he would surround his wife with every possible advantage within his means, and most of all he would secure to her that spirit of independence which alone can produce strong children, and train them in the noble life. — Dr. Dio Lewis, in Independent.

The Little Folks.

LINDY.

"Oh, Daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.

"Yes, Lindy, what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy, I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur, I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it, for awhile, in a half forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairie. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it, stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along, mile after mile, till some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble-weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her? Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air, and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out, beyond the stable. She must light fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was a possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The excitement of the danger inspired her with the strength and endurance, and instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half-beautiful scene. The tongues of fire, half beautiful, half terrible, and never to be taken off while we are alive. — Christian Union.

to try with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the flames met, the flame shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the flames with their fierce, hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the stable ground, and here and there a single flame finishing an obstinate task of grace. The fire on each side meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the scene seemed suddenly to have ceased shining. She soon saw the crackling of the prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet, dizzy and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His shrieks and furious cries aroused his half-sister as effectively as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon saw the smoke, and the color began to return to the white face and strength to return to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her father found her fast asleep, with the glow in her face, she reflected on her weary little face, she looked out the window for a moment, picturing to herself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hand, brown hand — "a brave girl!" — August St. Nikolaus.

(Continued from page 1.)

are worth reprinting. I regret I have not room here for them.

John Prickard, an earlier Methodist preacher, has this record in his "Life": "I was appointed to Pembroke circuit with Mr. Bradburn as super in 1775; he was exceedingly kind to me; he took as much pains with me as if I had been his brother. We had both trials and fruit. I bless the time of that appointment if only for the sake of being a year with Mr. Bradburn."

Bradburn had a sprightly fancy and pungent wit, which he could hardly restrain at times. At the Conference of 1791, four months after Mr. Wesley's death, he was glancing pathetically at their great loss, and urging the preachers to firmness and adherence to union in maintaining the doctrines and discipline of Methodism. Gradually he kindled into the highest oratory, and anxious to make the best of the feeling he had produced, raised his voice and appealed to the preachers who intended to stand by the old plan to rise and testify it. Every preacher sprang at once to his feet. There was a solemn silence for a moment, broken by a cry from the gallery, "Here's a woman in distress." "Hold your tongue, you fool!" screamed Bradburn from the pulpit, indignant at the attention being diverted from his real object. None dared to smile. But the effect of the sermon was lost more from the preacher's indiscretion than from the cry from the gallery.

Born a wit, and finding it difficult at times to speak without saying sharp things, he sometimes had to apologize for the freedom his tongue had taken. On one occasion he had offended Thomas Olivers, who, not wishing to rail again, carried his complaint to the Conference. Mr. Wesley, being informed of the particulars, asked, "Brother Bradburn, do you not love Tommy Olivers?" To which Bradburn promptly replied, "Sir, I love him as much as you love John Hampson," who had left Mr. Wesley's Connexion ungraciously. The reply was sudden, sharp, and not kind. Bradburn and Hampson had traveled together and knew each other. Wesley afterwards preached in John Hampson's church in Sunderland.

Bradburn had many admirers who delighted in his company, and sometimes in their unwonted kindness pressed indulgences on him beyond his power of resistance. One day, taking tea with a good Methodist matron, Mrs. Hovatt, who kept open house for the preachers in London, on leaving she put a bottle of port wine in his deep coat pocket when starting to preach at City Road Chapel. The weight caused the coat to feel unevenly balanced, so to rectify the difficulty, another bottle was added to the opposite pocket. In this way poor Sammy was overtaken in one of his weak points of character, in 1802. How deeply he repented his own journal bears ample testimony. He never forgave himself that indiscretion; but God and his brethren forgave him, and when he died in August, 1816, at the age of 66, he was interred by Dr. Adam Clarke close to Mr. Wesley, at 7 o'clock in the evening, Dr. Clarke, Henry Moore and James Wood taking part in the service. Mrs. Bradburn, as Sophia Cook, assisted Robert Raikes in forming the first Sunday-school in Gloucester city.

Hackney, London, July 7.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, August 7.

Amero, the suspected murderer of Mrs. Carlton, has been brought to Boston from Nova Scotia.

The Wright Braid Manufacturing Company's mill at Lawrence was burned yesterday. Loss \$100,000.

The U. S. Senate Committee on Labor and Education will next Monday begin an investigation of the relations between the operators and the Western Union Company.

About thirty thousand people gathered in Trafalgar Square, London, yesterday, and adopted resolutions protesting against the exclusion of Mr. Bradburn from the House of Commons.

Hon. Bradley Barlow, President of the South Eastern Railway and of the Vermont National Bank of St. Albans, has failed. The bank and the St. Albans Trust Company have also suspended.

Wednesday, August 8.

The deaths from cholera in Egypt on Monday were 508, including 78 at Cairo.

Knott's majority for governor of Kentucky will not be less than 40,000.

There are 7,000 French troops in Tonquin, 4,000 of the number being stationed at Hanoi.

The Georgia legislature has passed a general local option law for the State.

The warehouses, stables and wharves of the Knickerbocker Ice Company of Philadelphia were destroyed by fire yesterday. Forty-three houses were burned and the loss will reach \$50,000.

The Mormon ticket was successful in Monday's election, the Gentiles generally refusing to vote.

All the officers and crews of three Norwegian vessels that are at Vera Cruz have died

of yellow fever. The epidemic raging there is the worst that has visited the place for many years.

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